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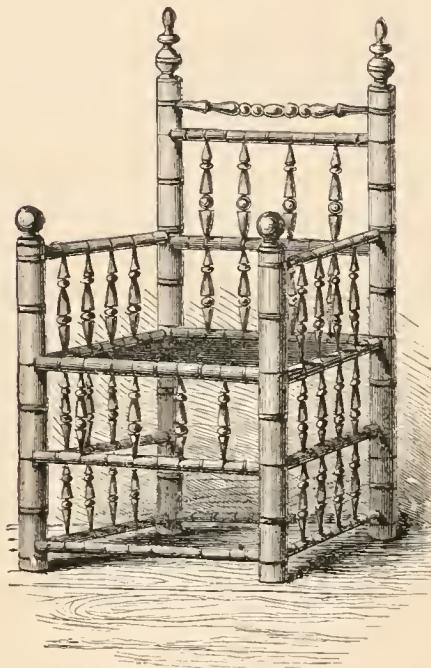
F. J.



His Little Friend.—"She always Smiles."

ARM CHAIR STORIES.

BY POPULAR AMERICAN AUTHORS.



LB

“I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that Old Arm Chair.”

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,
NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS AND MELBOURNE.

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By O. M. DUNHAM

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GRANDMA AND LITTLE MAY.

GRANDMA is old, and can only sit still
From morning till evening, day after day ;
And, O, how lonely her life would be
Without her granddaughter, dear little May !

Grandma now cannot wait on herself ;
Her sight is failing, her steps are slow ;
But May has young hands that are willing to work,
And feet that are nimble and ready to go.

She never forgets that Grandma should have
The pleasantest corner and easiest chair ;
And no one can tell all the sweet, loving ways
By which she shows her affection and care.

MINDING THE COW AND PIG.

And so, though Grandma is feeble and old,
And growing more helpless day after day,
Her life is full of contentment and joy,
With her grandchild beside her, — dear little May.

M. E. N. H.

MINDING THE COW AND PIG.

LITTLE Hattie thought it was too much to have to mind a cow and a pig too. The day was bright and sunny. Nice green grass covered the roadside, and Hattie's work was not very hard, after all.

All she had to do was to watch the white cow as she grazed, and to pull the end of a long rope if the pig strayed too far.

The rope was tied to a strap around the pig's neck. He was a very little fellow, — too small to be put into a pen.

The white cow was large and fat, with a black nose and great sleepy brown eyes ; and Hattie liked to stroke her smooth sides.

The pig was a funny playfellow, and Hattie put her little calico bonnet on his head to see how he would like that. He shook his head and grunted, and Hattie rolled on the ground laughing at him.

“O how funny you are !” she said.

By and by she grew tired of playing, and her eyes were very heavy. She crept under a shady tree by the roadside, where the grass was long and soft, and lay down.

“I will watch them here,” she said to herself ; but she winked very often, and could hardly keep her eyes open. The little legs were stretched on the grass, her bonnet fell over her face, and little Hattie was fast asleep.

Very soon after she went to sleep a man came along, driving a wagon. He looked down at the little girl and smiled. He was Hattie's father, and was going to carry some wool to market. He had one of Hattie's brothers with him, and he made him get out and

MINDING THE COW AND PIG.

take the pig home. Then he called to his wife, who was in the yard, not to let the cow stray out of sight. His house was very near the road, and he turned the cow outside, that she might eat the grass.

When Hattie's brother came back, he found his sister in the wagon, lying on a bag of wool.



The wagon jolted along, but Hattie did not wake, for she was very tired.

In a little while they rattled over some stones, and Hattie stirred. Then she sat up, and opened her eyes very wide.

There were some houses and trees she had never seen before.

MINDING THE COW AND PIG.



Where was she? The cow and the pig were not in sight, and here she was in a wagon with her father.

When he heard her stirring, he turned and asked if she was awake now.

"Yes," said Hattie, "but where are we going?"

"Suppose I take you to the town," said her father, "and sell you with this wool? I want a little girl to mind my cow, and you are too sleepy."

Hattie looked at him to see if he was joking. He did not smile, so she

did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"You told me this morning you were tired of the cow," said her father. "Perhaps you would like to stay here, and I can carry another little girl home with me."

"No, no!" said Hattie; "I will mind the cow, and the pig too, and not go to sleep. Let us go home now."

Her father laughed, and told her he must sell his wool first. Then he would take her home, and try her again.

Hattie and her brother had a happy day, after all. Their father took them to a store and gave them cakes and candy. She liked to see so many houses and strange people; but she was very glad to get back to her mother and the white cow.

PINK HUNTER.

THE SIX DOVES.



HEN Jimmy was seven years old his father gave him six pretty doves for a birthday gift. Jimmy put them in a large box in the yard, and sent for all the boys he knew to come and see them.

For a time the doves had very good care. Jimmy fed them every day, and they would eat corn from his hand. But he soon grew tired of caring for his pets. Winter came on, and he did not

like to go out in the cold to give the doves food and water.

One day he did not go to feed them because it snowed. The next day he went to a snowball fight, and did not get home until dark. He ate his supper and went to bed, thinking he would feed his doves early the next morning. But he forgot all about it until nearly noon. Then the cook said she had no stale bread to spare for the doves.

Jimmy went to his mother and asked her for five cents to buy some corn for them. His mother gave him the money, and he ran off to buy the corn. But on his way he passed a candy store, and the candy looked so nice he felt that he must have some of it. So he spent the five cents for gum-drops.

Then he went to play with another boy, and did not go home



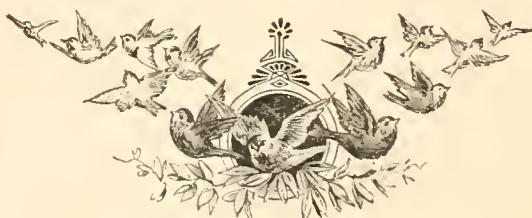
THE SIX DOVES.

until dark. He was afraid his mother would ask him if he had bought the corn; so he went to bed as soon as he could. The next morning he got some bread from the cook, and went to feed his doves. He opened the door of the box, but the doves did not come out. He looked in, and saw two of them lying dead on the floor of the box. They had starved to death, and were quite cold and



stiff. The other four doves were too weak to eat the bread, and they all died that night. O, how sorry Jimmy was that he had spent the five cents on candy for himself! His mother sent him to bed without any supper, that he might know what it was to be hungry. Jimmy cried until he fell asleep. But he learned a good lesson; for he never neglected another pet.

FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.





BESSIE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BESSIE LEE was six years old when she went to the mountains of North Carolina with her father.

What Bessie liked best of all were the nice donkey rides every



morning. The poor donkeys didn't get much rest, for the little folks kept them busy all day. Bessie was kind to them, but some of the children were not. Bessie liked a donkey named Kate best of all.

One day Bessie's father put her in the saddle, and Kate kicked up. When Bessie was lifted off, and the saddle removed, a great bleeding sore was found on the poor donkey's back.

Bessie felt very sorry for poor Kate, and said, "Papa, I don't want to ride to-day,

but please do not send Kate back to the stables."

"Why not, Bessie?" said Mr. Lee.

"O, papa, the man will let her to some of the rough boys, and they will hurt her back."

Mr. Lee was pleased to see his little daughter's kindness to the poor dumb donkey; but he wished to know if Bessie would deny herself for Kate.

"Well, Bessie," said her father, "if you have any money, give it

BESSIE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

to the man when he comes for the donkey. Tell him you wish to keep Kate all day."

"I have the money you gave me for ice-cream," said Bessie. "Will that pay the man?"

It was enough, and was given to the man. Bessie kept the donkey all day. She led Kate to the greenest places in the yard,



and let her eat the grass. She divided her apples with Kate, and carried her a little pail of water.

At night Bessie told her father she had been happy all day. He made her still happier by telling her she could keep Kate every day while she was in the mountains.

Bessie kissed her father and was soon fast asleep. She dreamed of riding in a little carriage drawn by six white donkeys.

AUNT NELL.



A LITTLE ROGUE.

“RUN, Carl, run, and see what that puppy has got now!”

It was the baby’s clean bib this time. The wind blew it off the chair. Fido saw it and pulled it through the mud. It was not very clean then.

In the morning Carl could not find his shoe. He had to eat his breakfast with one shoe on.

He hunted all over the house for it. At last the meat-man brought it in when he came with the dinner. He found it by the gate.



Last week so many things were lost that Carl’s mamma put an old frock on him and told him to crawl under the house and see what he could find.

“O, here is my other hat!” Carl shouted.

“And here is papa’s sock! and Aunt Sue’s glove! and baby’s rattle! Here’s a tidy! and my bird book! and grandma’s cap!”

When Carl came out with the things Fido sat with his ears up, looking as if he thought it was the best joke he ever heard of.

LITTLE WRENNIE.

Mamma says she cannot stand it any longer. She must send for the dog-man to come and take Fido away. That dirty bib is more than she can bear.

But Carl cries, and says if she will not send for the dog-man, he will keep Fido tied up in the shed.

Aunt Sue says she is sure that Fido will soon get over these bad tricks.

I think mamma will try and stand it a little longer; for Fido is such a funny, happy little fellow that we all love him.

L. A. B. C.

LITTLE WRENNIE.

“TWEET-TLE-DE, Tweet-tle-de,” down in the glen,
“Tweet-tle-de,” whistled the gay little wren,
Flitting and frisking her short little tail,
Down in the brown leaves which carpet the vale.



LITTLE WRENNIE.

Look, look, little wren, you had better not make
Such a fuss in the leaves,—don't you see that old snake?
His eyes gleam like beads beneath those oak roots,
And from his wide jaws his forkéd tongue shoots.

He sees you! he's coming! fly, fly, little wren,
He'll catch you, and take you away to his den.
O my, what a big snake! he'll swallow you whole,
From the tip of your beak to your foot's little sole.

But no! poor Miss Wrennie is finding sweet seed,
And far too intent any danger to heed;
The vile snake already has coiled up to spring,
And never again shall we hear Wrennie sing.

But hark! a deliverer all panting with rage
Rushes, grunting and snorting, a battle to wage;
The old sow, that roots for her pigs in the wood,
Has seen Mr. Snaky, and thirsts for his blood.

She shakes him, she breaks him, she tears him in twain,
Then seizes the pieces and rends them again;
While safe little Wrennie, now high in the tree,
Bursts forth in delight with a loud tweet-tle-de.

R. T. H.





THE LAUNCH OF THE SEA FOAM.

All winter long, as he studied his lessons or walked to school, Joe Bradford thought of what fun he should have "next summer." It was always "last summer" or "next summer" with Joe. Even Christmas had more to do with summer than winter with him, for he always got something to help him enjoy his next vacation.

You see, though Joe lived in a city house from October till June, for four long months he lived on Grandpa's farm, where there were

THE LAUNCH OF THE SEA FOAM.

lovely meadows, beautiful cool woods, and—best of all—a clear, bright brook.

One Christmas Joe's father gave him a beautiful box of tools and a nice lot of splendid blocks of wood.

"Oh, how splendid!" said Joe. "Next summer——"

They all began to laugh, and Mr. Bradford said: "I give you the tools and wood now, my boy, so that you can enjoy yourself *this winter*."

"Oh, I mean to, papa! I only meant to say I could make a beautiful boat now to launch next summer."

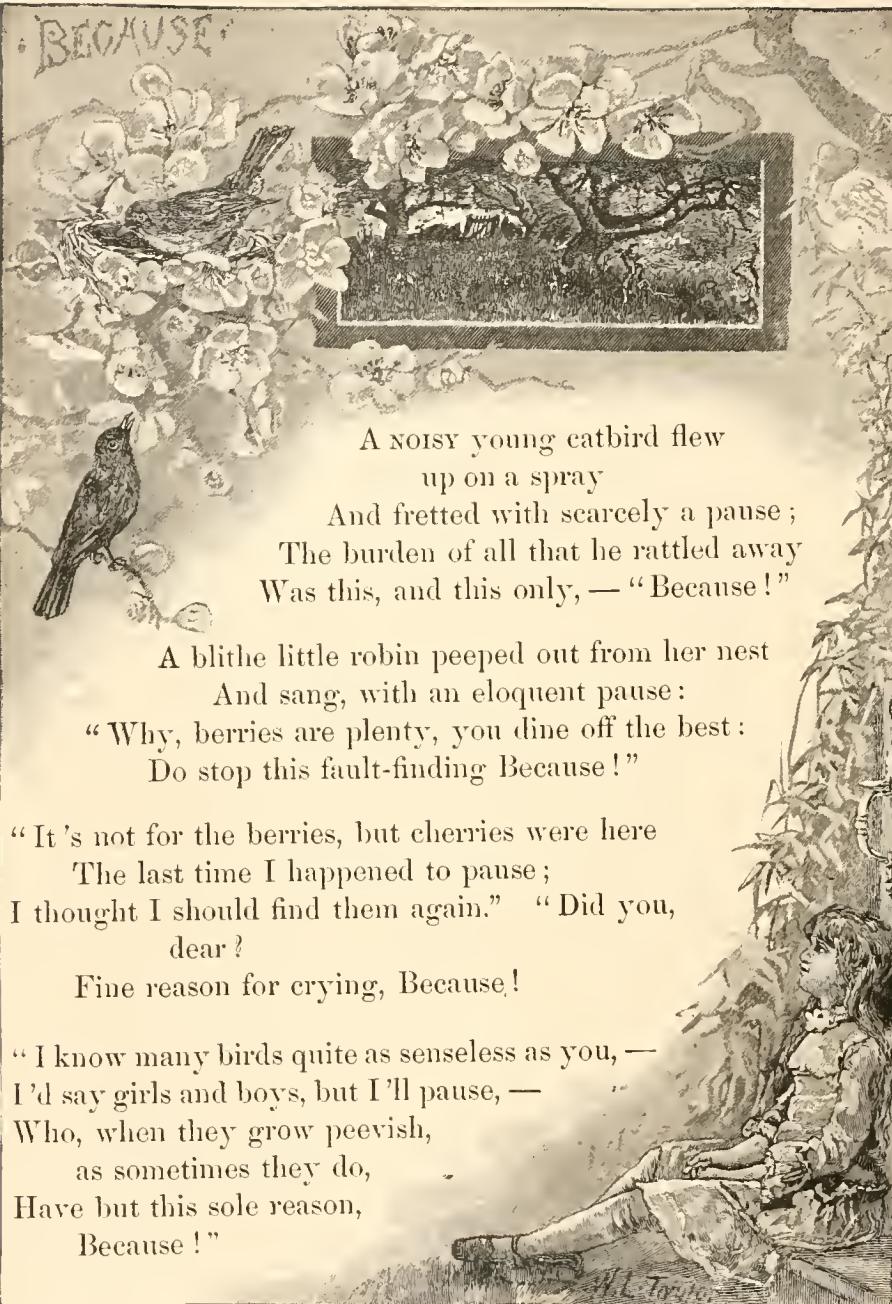
So all through the holidays, and for many an afternoon after that, Joe worked away at his boat. He spoiled a good many pieces of wood before he made a boat to suit him, but sometime before June he had a lovely little schooner quite completed. His sister Fanny hemmed the sails and sewed in the pretty brass rings that fastened it to the mast, and mamma painted the name of the schooner on her little silk pennons—the Sea Foam.

Oh, how hard it was to wait for June! May seemed to be longer that year than usual, and even the thirty-first made it seem too long, but Joe tried very hard to study well so as to please his mother and father, so when at last June really came he could enjoy his holiday. The first time he launched the boat he took it down to the brook quite alone—for suppose it should not float well! But it sailed beautifully, and the next day Joe's mother let him invite all his boy friends to "the launch of the Sea Foam," and a jolly time they had of it. The boat behaved splendidly, and Fanny surprised them by some candy and cake of her own making. So, altogether, it was a very pleasant day.



BECAUSE.

•BECAUSE•



A noisy young catbird flew
up on a spray

And fretted with scarcely a pause ;
The burden of all that he rattled away
Was this, and this only, — “Because !”

A blithe little robin peeped out from her nest
And sang, with an eloquent pause :
“ Why, berries are plenty, you dine off the best :
Do stop this fault-finding Because ! ”

“ It’s not for the berries, but cherries were here
The last time I happened to pause ;
I thought I should find them again.” “ Did you,
dear ?

Fine reason for crying, Because !

“ I know many birds quite as senseless as you, —
I’d say girls and boys, but I’ll pause, —
Who, when they grow peevish,
as sometimes they do,
Have but this sole reason,
Because ! ”

OLD ENOUGH.



OLD ENOUGH.

EDITH is the sunniest of sunny little girls. Her eyes, and her lips, and her feet are full of fun. And yet sometimes she gets on a thinking-cap, and then for three minutes she can look as sober as an owl. One day Edith's mother was busy mending a coat. Edith came up with a needle and bit of cloth, and standing close by her, pushed the needle in and out, just as if it had been threaded, and was making real stitches. Her father sat near with a book in his hand, but his eyes were on Edith.

Pretty soon he said, "You will be glad to mend for father some day, Edith."

"Yes," said Edith; "when can I?"

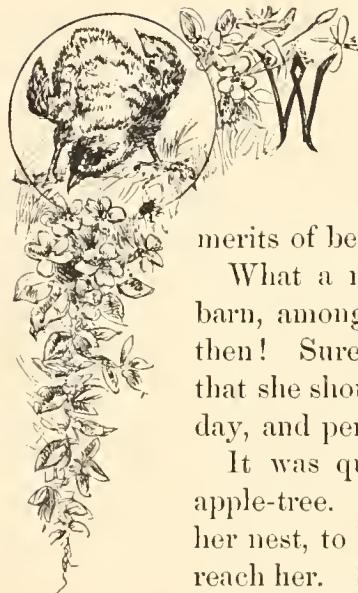
Her father said, "If you live you can, some of these years, when you are old enough."

"I ain't living now, then, am I?" asked Edith.

"O yes," said her father.

"Well, then, ain't I old enough?" she asked archly.

THE DISOWNED CHICKEN.



HEN Dame Partlet had sat on her nest of eggs a fortnight, she became weary of such a still life. It was dull to sit day after day in the old barn without any company. She heard the other hens talking outside in the sun over the merits of beetles and angle-worms.

What a nice long run they had, too, behind the barn, among the wild-rose bushes, all in bloom just then! Surely it was too much to expect of any bird that she should sit in the shadow all the bright summer day, and perhaps not hatch a single chick, after all.

It was quite different with the robin up in the apple-tree. She had had such a gay time building her nest, to begin with. She sat where the sun could reach her. She could look out on her neighbors while her mate brought her daily bread and whiled away the hours with song.

So Dame Partlet stepped down from her nest, and left the warm white eggs. Farmer Burke, observing that she had left her task, put some of the eggs under an old Dorking, who had just begun to sit. She was more surprised than pleased, at the end of a week, to hear a little voice piping in the nest.

“Here I was in for a good three weeks’ rest, out of the way of the noisy flock,” perhaps she thought, “and now there’s a chick out already! I’ve never brought off less than five, and I shall sit till my time is out, in spite of this early bird.”

And when the Dorking strolled off to roll in the sand, to stretch her legs and pick up a luncheon, Farmer Burke took the little chicken away. The old hen went back to her nest. “I must have been dreaming,” she thought, as she settled herself on the eggs. “No chicken ever hatches under three weeks!”

THE DISOWNED CHICKEN.

Bat what was to be done with the little chicken? Her own giddy mother refused to receive the charge; she was out among the rose-bushes, basking in the sun, pluming her feathers, and regaling herself upon the banquet that Sir Black Cochin-China unearthed for her.

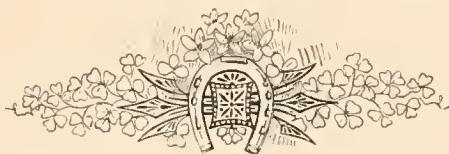
Who, then, would hover the chicken at night? who scratch for it by day? Who would protect it from cats and hawks and weasels? Must she shift for herself? The old Bantam was small, but her heart was large. She felt for chickens; perhaps she remembered when she was young herself, and liked to creep under the wing. Just then she saw with regret that her own brood had outgrown her.

Some of them were larger than herself already; they could scratch for themselves now. They no longer obeyed her call; one or two had even begun to crow feebly, and they all went to roost at night, without heeding her anxious "cluck." She followed where they led, now, but they went too fast and far for her.

She wished they had not grown so fast. They no longer needed her care, and she felt useless and idle.

One day she discovered the chicken trying to keep itself warm in the sun. She took it under her care without ado: here was some one who needed her. Happy moment!

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.



HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

SELLING holly and mistletoe,
Oft through the streets the boys go,
Now loudly this one seems to cry :
“ Bright mistletoe ! Who’ll buy ? Who’ll buy ?
Adorn your homes with garlands sweet,
And winter of its gloom you’ll cheat.”

THE STORY OF A RED HOOD.

MARY CLARK, or Mamie, as she was frequently called, wanted a pretty red hood. Susie Gray had one. Dot Miller had one also. In fact, nearly every girl in Miss Rimmer's school had a worsted hood. Mary's father was dead, and her mother worked very hard. Mrs. Clark made pocket-books for a man in Boston. She made a great many for a very little money. It took her a long time to earn a barrel of flour. It took the little Clarks a short time to eat one.

Mamie, Harry, Fred, and the baby were all hungry little people. Sometimes poor Mrs. Clark was sorry they were so hungry, it was so hard to find enough food for them.

"O dear, I want a red hood awfully," said Mamie, one day. Susie Gray was passing with one on.

"I wish I could give you one, my darling," said her mamma.

"I wish you could, too."

"I would not use that word 'awfully,' Mamie."

"Why not, mamma?"

"Because you do not mean it. Let us think for one moment. Awful means filled with awe, terror, or dread."

"I see mamma. No, I do not want the hood *awfully*, but *very much*."

Harry heard all his sister said. The next day he went to a store and asked the man the price of red hoods.

"Here is one for thirty-five cents," said the man.

Harry looked sober. He went away, and the man called after him, "Here, little shaver, who wants a hood?"

"I want one, sir, for my little sister."

"Have you any money?"

"Yes, sir, I sold my knife for fifteen cents."

"Is that all?"

"No, sir, I let Joe Blake have two agates and my best top for five cents."

THE STORY OF A RED HOOD.

“And is that all?”

“No, sir, I sold some evening papers, and earned five cents more.”

“Where did you get your agates, knife, and top?”

“My uncle sent them from New York.”

“Well, boy, you may have the hood for twenty-



five cents. To-morrow, if your mother is willing, you may come here and do my errands. I will pay you well.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“A boy who will sell his playthings to please his little sister must be a good boy.”

Mamie Clark wears the red hood every day to school. She does not know how Harry earned the money to buy it. Her mamma knows, and she told us the story for Our Little Ones.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS.



FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

With cat and dog Ned loves to play,
And chase the sunny hours away.
Though full of sport, they all agree,
And are a happy family.
Where there is love it always brings
Peace and sunshine on its wings.

THE OLD GENERAL.

OUR peacock lived to be twenty-nine years old. We called him "the Old General." A general is an officer in an army. Officers wear very handsome clothing, called their uniform.

The peacock had very showy and elegant feathers. Imagine a bird having one or two hundred splendid feathers, some of them three or four feet long. Was not that a nice "uniform" for any bird?

The old General had a very stately walk. He walked like a soldier. Soldiers are drilled to have a nice, regular step. The General had a fine military gait, and no one had to teach him. I should like to see a sergeant drilling peacocks! It was a good sight to see the old General marching and counter-marching.

And the way he strutted! When a peacock shows himself off, he is a grand sight. He has the power of making all his longest and finest feathers stand out like a great fan. Think of the loveliest fan you have ever seen, and then imagine it much lovelier, with rich colors, green, blue, yellow, and so on, and full of what we call "eyes." Then you will have some idea of the old General when he was in full uniform and on dress parade.



THE OLD GENERAL.

Mrs. General was plain, but very domestic, and brought the children up well and carefully. There were several young people in the General's family. I never heard of any disputing among them, and so I think they must have had good parents and very nice bringing up. They looked as much like their parents as any children I ever saw. The girls grew up exactly like their mother; and the boys exactly like the General. I scarcely could tell



mother from daughter. And as to the old General, one of his sons grew up to be so very much like him, that if the General had not been wounded and shown it a little in his walk, I never could have told father from son, or son from father.

One day the old General died. We were all very sorry. It was like losing a favorite cat or dog. Poor old General! He would have been thirty years of age if he had lived just one year more.

R. W. LOWRIE.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

Down in the meadow, one summer day,
Went two little cousins, Clarrie and May.



They skipped and they laughed, nor
lifted an eye
To see the dark clouds gather fast o'er
the sky.

Down in the meadow, all in the sweet
hay,
Who are so merry as Clarrie and May!



OUT IN THE RAIN.

Pitty-pat, patter, came drops one by one —
Two little cousins beginning to run.

Over the stubble the little feet go,
Rain-drops are drenching from top to toe.

Dripping and tired, they enter the gate ;
Two watching mothers the little strays wait.

Wet skirt and jacket are off in a trice, —
Two little cousins are soon dry and nice.

Down in the meadow, when ceases the rain,
Two little cousins will frolic again.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.





PAUL'S GUIDE.

LITTLE Paul went out into the woods one day, bird-nesting. He did n't mean to rob the nests; he only wanted to know where they were. He liked to find a prettily woven one with little blue eggs in it, and watch till the tiny birds burst the shell. They were such odd-looking little things, with their big mouths always open for worms. It was pleasant to see them from day to day, till their pin-feathers grew, and they became stout and strong, and began to sing a few notes.

But he did not find one very quickly.

He began to feel hungry and want his dinner. He could go home now, and visit the woods some other morning. Then he looked about him. Which path led to the farm? He sat down and thought about it. The more he thought, the more he was puzzled. How should he ever get home again? Should he have to stay all night in the woods, without any candle but the stars? without any bed but the mossy cushions? without any coverlet but the green branches?

He called aloud, hoping somebody might be felling trees there. Only the echoes answered him, and the little brook seemed to laugh out at him.

He remembered that once old Brindle had strayed away into the wood-lot. His father was gone in search of her for hours. He wished he might hear the tinkle of her bell now, and see her white horns pushing the bushes aside.

A little bird flew down and took a drink from the brook. She knew her way through the thick woods; but what was a little boy to do?

He felt as if he should starve if he did n't find his way soon. He wished he had brought one of his mother's doughnuts along with him. While he was wondering what to do, he heard a familiar

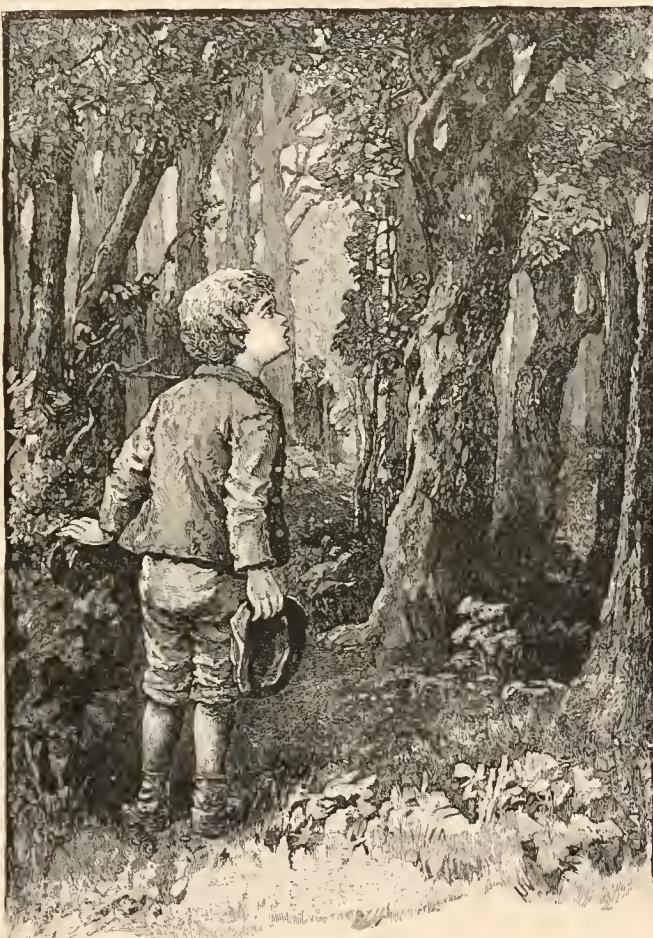
sound close by. It was a little low song he had often heard at home. It seemed to come from a bunch of flowers growing among the mosses. Were flowers ever known to sing?

Paul remembered that nobody in that region kept bees but his father. The bee knew the way home. When he had filled his honey-bags and flew up out of the flowers, almost brushing Paul's cheek, it seemed as if he said, "It's time to be going to the hive; follow me, child." And he watched the bee mount up into the air a little way. He then made a bee-line for home, and Paul followed.

The bee was just flying into the hive, all yellow with pollen, when Paul's mother cried out, "Where have you been, dear? I was afraid you had run away to the village to see the circus come in."

"I was lost in the wood-lot," said Paul. "I met one of our bees down there making honey. When he got ready to come home, he showed me the way."

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

PLODDING the livelong day
With weary and way-worn feet,
Over and over he grinds his tunes,
Grinds his tunes,
Nights, morns, and noons,
Along the crowded street.

Old, and homeless, and sick,
He wanders up and down ;
Over and over he grinds his tunes,
Grinds his tunes,
In winters and Junes,
Through all the busy town.

Grinds with a face so sad
His merriest airs seem grave,
And a shaking hand, as the throng goes by,
Holds a torn cap nigh,
With a pleading sigh,
Some little alms to crave.

Who in the careless crowd
Takes heed of his jigs and runnes ?
Thinks how feeble he is, how old,
How quickly told
Is the pittance doled
For his poor quavering tunes ?

Thinks of the weary miles
He travels o'er dale and hill,
How oft he lacks what a penny would buy,
How oft he must lie
Out under the sky
When nights are stormy and chill ?

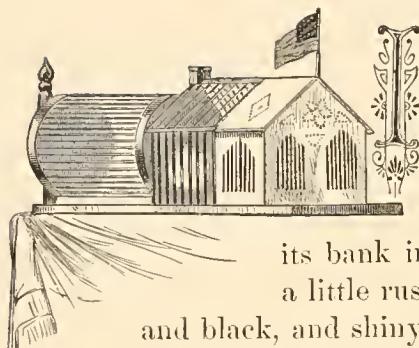
THE ORGAN-GRINDER.



Ah, furrowed and wistful face,
That pleads so often in vain,
I can but sigh as I hear the tunes,
In winters and Junes,
Nights, morns, and noons,
Ground over and over again !

H. R. HUDSON.

THE EMPTY CAGE.



HAVE an empty cage. It is a very pretty one. It is a squirrel-cage. I will tell you the story.

May is a bright little girl who lives in a very pretty home by a large river. If you walk along on its bank in the spring, you will sometimes hear a little rustle, and see two bright eyes, — round and black, and shiny as little beads.

May has a large gray cat. He sees these round black eyes quicker than a child would. His name is Spring Velvet.

One day Spring Velvet was stealing softly along the bank. He heard a noise and made a sudden dash, and in a moment he was trotting home to Bridget with a striped chipmunk in his mouth!

Bridget knew Spring Velvet. She knew he did not care for mice or birds or squirrels. O, no! He liked steak better, and he liked milk better. So Bridget took the little brown striped fellow out of his mouth.

May came running to see what her cat had found. She was delighted; but she saw some little narrow white teeth, and she said, "Oh! he will bite! but I do want him! What shall I do?"

May's mother got a nice starch-box, with a picture on one end. She took a gimlet and bored a row of holes along its sides. Then she put in some wires, and, as one end had a slide, the cage was ready.

Bridget put Bunny in the box, and May clapped her hands for joy. He soon had some milk in a saucer from May's tea-set, a little pile of corn, and some cotton for a bed.

He shook the cotton with his teeth, and pushed it about until she laughed aloud. Then he curled down to sleep.

May's father smiled when he saw the cage, and tried the wires with his finger, but he did not say anything.

One day he kissed May good-by, and went to the city. May

THE EMPTY CAGE.

could not see his thoughts when he kissed her, or she would not have done what she did after he was gone.

She was watching Bunny a long time that morning. She was sure he looked out with sad eyes between the wires. He pushed and tugged at them so hard that May grew very uneasy herself.



Her mother was watching her from behind the blinds. Pretty soon May came in and stood by her mother. She looked down, and she was pulling her fingers. Her mother knew what this meant. She was "making up her mind" about something.

"Mother, I wish you would let Bunny go. He does n't eat much corn, and he does n't lap his milk. He wants to be out. Say,

THE EMPTY CAGE.

mother, come, and let us take him to the bank and open the slide!"

May's mother kissed her, and said, "I am afraid you are not quite sure you want Bunny to go back."

"Yes, I am sure," said May.

So her mother took the cage, and they went to an old beech-tree on the bank, and she drew back the door. May laughed as Bunny sprang out, and darted under some bushes, out of sight.

She was very brave the rest of the day. She tried to believe her dolls were better than squirrels; she swung, and read in a new story-book—and at last she heard a whistle, and ran to the end of the front walk to watch.

Pretty soon she saw somebody coming up the lane that made a short walk from the depot, with a valise in one hand and a big parcel in the other.

"O, what have you brought for me?" she called, as her papa came up.

"Where's Bunny?" he asked in reply, as he opened the package, and held out to May a new and handsome cage. It was all bright and fresh, with parlor and bedroom, and a flag at the top!

Then for the first time some tears came to May's eyes.

"O papa! if I'd only known! Would n't Bunny be sorry if he knew?"

Papa looked puzzled.

"Bunny's gone! We did it! He's down the bank! O, what a lovely house! But these wires would trouble him too. After all, I believe he's happier!"

Then May's papa understood. And he said he would keep the cage, that he might never forget he had a dear little daughter who would rather have an empty cage than a pet in prison.

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.



JAMIE'S SQUIRREL.

JAMIE came home from school one day and ran to find his mother.

He told her that Tommy Lee had a splendid gray squirrel.

Tommy caught it in the woods. He would sell it to Jamie for twenty-five cents.

Jamie's mother told him she could not give him any money to buy a squirrel. She needed all of her money to buy other things.

When Jamie came from school the next day, he told his mother that Tommy would let him have the squirrel for one of his bantam hens.

His mother told him she was willing he should buy the squirrel in that way, if he wanted to.

Jamie said that Willie Brown had a real nice cage that he used to keep a squirrel in. It had a wheel too, and Willie told him he would let him have it.

So Jamie started off to get the cage.

He brought it home. He cleaned it all out from top to bottom.

Then he put the hen into a basket, and carried it over to Tommy. He brought home the squirrel, and named him Bobby. He put him into the cage. Bobby ran to the farther corner and seemed to be frightened.

Jamie tried to coax him to eat some sweet apple, but Bobby would not eat a mouthful.

Jamie put some peanuts into the cage, but Bobby would not eat one.

His mother told him to leave Bobby alone for a while, and he would feel better.

So Jamie did not go near the cage again that night.

The next morning Bobby was hungry.

Jamie gave him a good breakfast.

In a few days he was quite tame.

He soon began to turn the wheel, and he made it go very fast.

JAMIE'S SQUIRREL.

He had a little room in the top of his cage to sleep in, and he had a piece of flannel for his bed.

When he was frightened, or the boys teased him, he would run up into his chamber and hide.

After a little while Jamie let him out of the cage every day.

He would follow Jamie all about the house. He would sit on his shoulder and eat nuts.

When Bobby had eaten all the nuts he wanted, he would hide the rest under the door-mat, and pat them down with his feet.

Jamie could hug him and pet him all he wanted to, and Bobby was never cross.

Jamie never forgot to feed him.

He cleaned out his cage every morning, and gave him fresh water.

Jamie had a number of other pets.

He had a dog and a cat and a large flock of hens and chickens.

But Bobby always had his breakfast first.

Bobby is still alive, and I think he must be the happiest squirrel that was ever shut up in a cage.

M. M. H.





WAY TO BE HAPPY.

How pleasant it is at the end of the day
No follies to have to repent ;
But reflect on the past and be able to say
That my time has been properly spent.

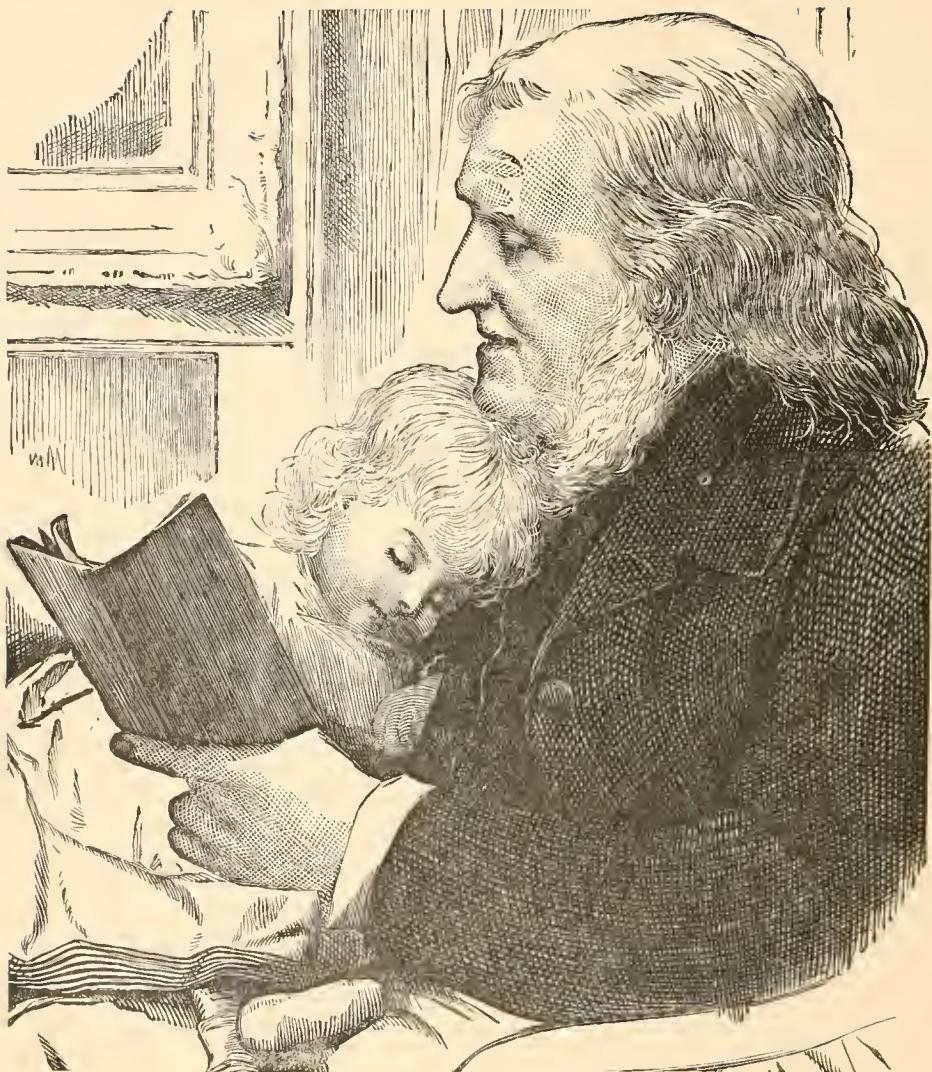
When I've done all my business with patience and
care,
And been good, and obliging, and kind,
I lie on my pillow and sleep away there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

But instead of all this, if it must be confessed,
That I careless and idle have been ;
I lie down as usual, and go to my rest,
But feel discontented within.

Then, as I don't like all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it,
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good without being contented.



CHILDHOOD AND AGE.



CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

HERE young and old together see :
Old grandpa and a sweet baby.
In his safe arms she's sleeping fast ;
He reads and thinks upon the past.
Learn from this as you pass it by,
The young, they may — the old must die.

J. S. L.

HOW MINNIE WAS LOST AND FOUND.

WHEN Minnie was only a year old she could run about everywhere. She could open all the doors; she could go up and down stairs without any one to help her; she could say a great many little words, too.

She would only stop to take one short nap at noon; all the rest of the day she would be running around from one room to another. Once she got lost in a very funny way.

The house was full of people, yet for a while nobody could find Minnie. Her mamma was there, and her grandma, and her Aunt Nelly. Her grandpa was there, and her Uncle John, and her Cousin Katy; and there was a dressmaker in the sewing-room, and the cook was in the kitchen. But not one of all these persons could find Minnie.

She was lost till Major found her.

Major was the dog.

I will tell you how it happened.

Uncle John and Cousin Katy were going home; they lived in the city of New York. Cousin Katy was in her chamber, packing her big trunk; Minnie's mamma and her Aunt Nelly were in their chambers, busy about their work.

Minnie was going around just as she pleased. She stopped to watch Cousin Katy fold her clothes. She sat down on a little stool. By and by she began to feel sleepy. Cousin Katy went out for something, and left her alone. She looked into the big trunk. Some of Cousin Katy's dresses were in the bottom. Minnie thought this would be as nice a bed as her own crib. She climbed into it; she crept under Cousin Katy's pretty silk dress, and shut up her eyes. In a minute she was fast asleep.

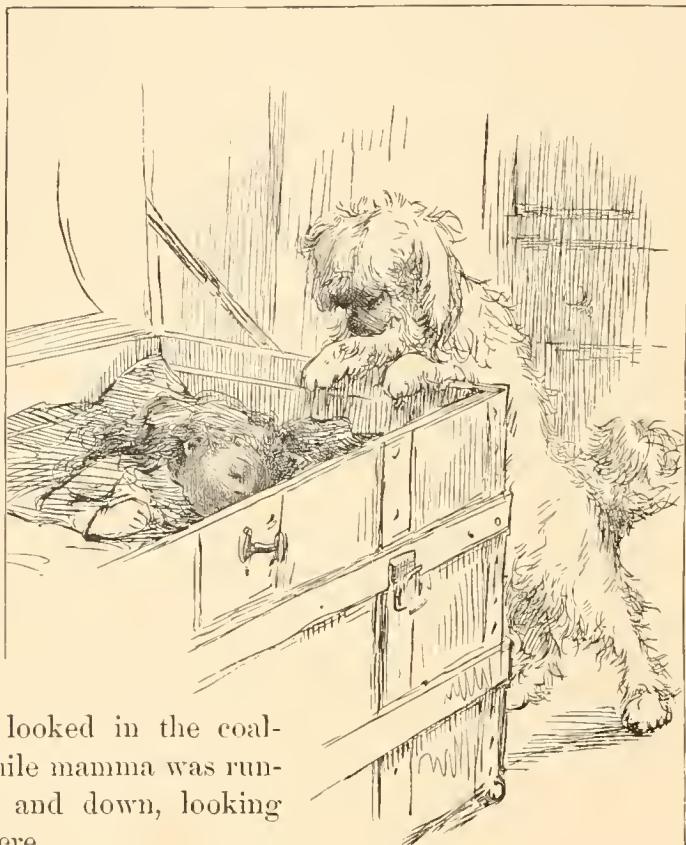
After a short time, mamma said, "Where is Minnie?"

And grandma said, "I have n't seen her for a good while; where can she be?"

But nobody could tell them.

HOW MINNIE WAS LOST AND FOUND.

Then they began to search for her. Cousin Katy ran into her room, and looked about. The trunk stood in a corner, against the wall ; she did not go near that, so she did not find Minnie. Aunt Nelly went into all the closets ; grandma looked under all the beds ; Uncle John looked behind all the doors ; the cook went down cel-



lar, and looked in the coal-bins ; while mamma was running up and down, looking everywhere.

But the lost child could not be found.

Grandpa had a lame foot, so that he could not look anywhere. He told Uncle John to search the barn.

So Uncle John went out, and looked all over the barn. He knew very well that Minnie could not get in there ; but he looked because grandpa told him to.

When he came back into the house, Major came with him.

HOW MINNIE WAS LOST AND FOUND.

Then Uncle John thought that perhaps the dog could find her. So he said, "Major, go and find Minnie."

Major understood what he said. He went around the rooms, smelling and pricking up his ears.

When he got into Cousin Katy's chamber, he walked towards the trunk. He stopped in front of it, he put his nose into it, then he wagged his tail and gave a little bark.

Uncle John followed him, and there he found Minnie covered up in the dresses.

O, what a time there was over her!

Mamma and grandma came and looked into the trunk.

Aunt Nelly and Cousin Katy came and looked in.

The dressmaker and the cook came, and they all laughed together.

Grandpa was so lame that he could not come to see the pretty sight, but he laughed at the foot of the stairs.

After a while mamma took her out of the trunk, and put her into her own little crib.

And this was the way that Minnie was lost and found.

M. E. N. H.



THE LITTLE DUCK THAT WAS DROWNED.

THE LITTLE DUCK THAT WAS DROWNED.

Two little white ducks swam out on the pond
When the days were long and bright;
They seemed of each other so proud and fond
That they made a pretty sight.



The children watched them as they swam,
With shouts of merry glee;
And when one fell over the foaming dam
Their grief was sad to see.

THE LITTLE DUCK THAT WAS DROWNED.

But the safe duck cried to his ruffled mate,
And told her the path to take,
And then he stood on the shore to wait
Till she waddled back to the lake.

One day she was lost again, they said ;
So we went and looked around,
And lo ! in the deep pond's weedy bed
The dear little duck we found.

She had tried to dive for a fish or bug,
But the weeds her neck had bound ;
We fished her out, and a grave we dug
For the dear little duck that was drowned.

MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.

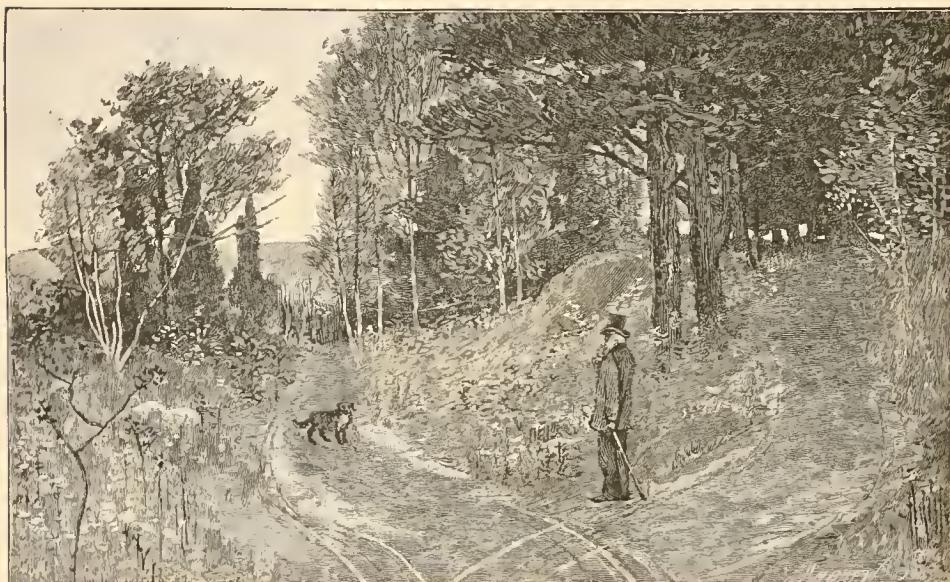


THE DOG THAT WENT TO CHURCH.

FIDO is a "Down East" dog. He is now old, dark, and brindled, but as good as he is old. He has watched the cattle, pigs, fowls, the house and Charlie-boy, and kept away the "tramps" at night, for many years. He is now too old to do much. He is almost blind, and cannot wear glasses. But he tries to take care of his young friend Charlie.

THE DOG THAT WENT TO CHURCH.

Fido is a dog of good habits. He stays at home in the evening, instead of being out in the company of bad dogs, and getting into mischief. On Sunday he does not go off into the fields and woods, stealing chickens or chasing the lambs—the little dears! Like an orderly and well “brought up” dog, he goes to meeting with the rest of the family. He seems to know when Sunday comes as well as Charlie does. He does not like to stay at home. For fear that he may be shut up in the kitchen, he is sure to be out of sight when



the family get ready for church; but in a few moments after the carriage starts he comes from his hiding-place. He then trips along as fast as his aged legs can carry him, trying to keep ahead. When they get to the meeting-house—they do not have churches in the country—he walks slowly in with the rest, and lies down in the pew.

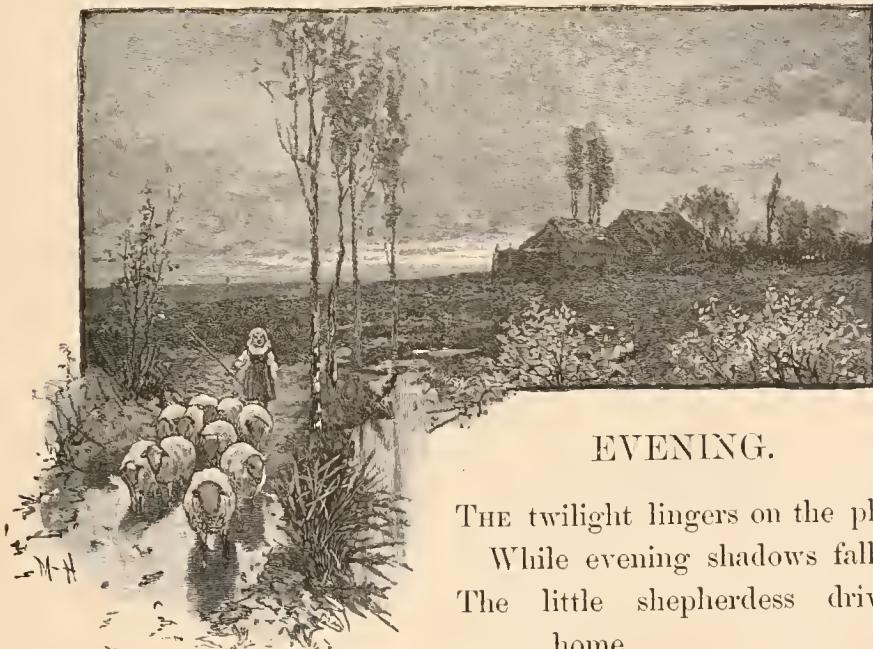
I was once on a visit to his master's house. As none of the family were going to meeting that day, Fido and I started alone; and as I did not know the way, he was to be my guide. We went some distance and came to where there were two roads, and I did not know which one to take, and kept on. But Fido turned, looking

THE DOG THAT WENT TO CHURCH.

toward me as if trying to say, as dogs talk, "That is not the way to my meeting. This is the right way." I followed him, and soon he turned up a hill and led me to the right place. Fido took me to the right pew. He went in and lay down till the meeting was done.

I will say to the credit of Fido, that when the family stay at home, as on a rainy day (Fido is not afraid of rain), he goes alone and lies in the pew, and behaves as well as any of the people. He is a dear, good dog, and knows how to set a good example to others. He proves that he has been well trained by his friend Charlie.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.



EVENING.

THE twilight lingers on the plain
While evening shadows fall;
The little shepherdess drives
home
The flock that heeds her call.

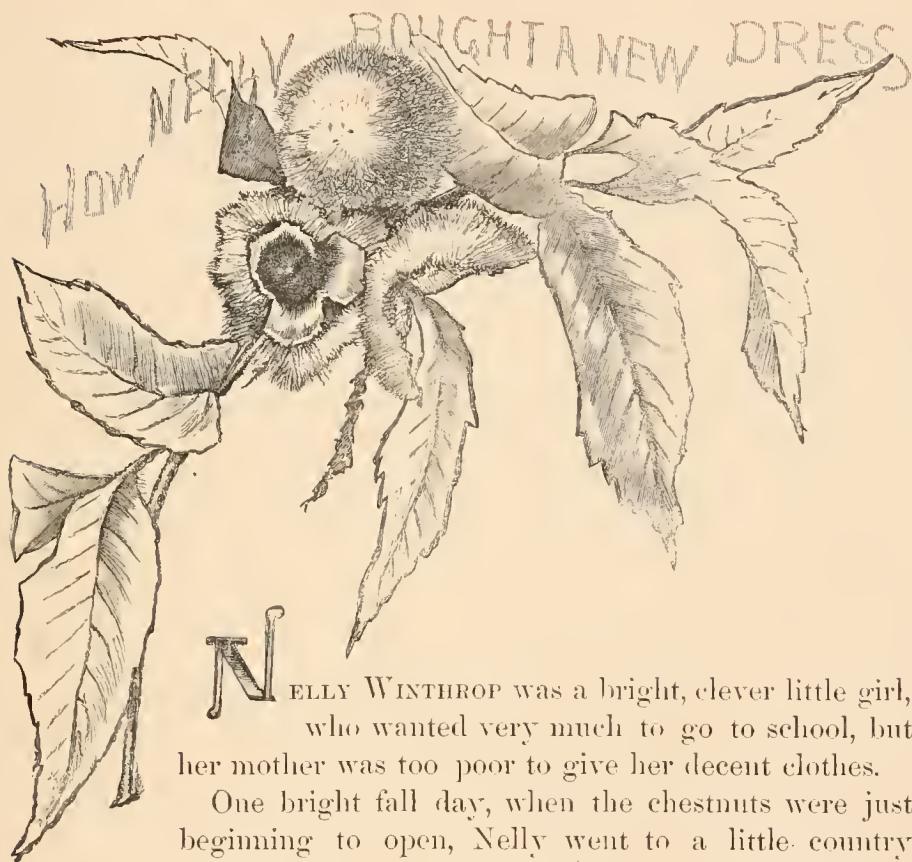
A.

THE LITTLE SNOW-SHOVELLER.

MERRILY whistling along the street,
With his little pug nose, and his hands and feet
Sharply bitten by old Jack Frost,
His curly hair by the rude wind tost,
Armed with his shovel, goes Pat Magee;
In search of a job, of course, is he.



Brave little chap! 't is little he cares
For old Jack Frost; and the storm he dares
With a merry face and a merry song,
As through the snow he paddles along —
This blue-eyed lad — o'er the slippery street,
Hoping the chance of a job to meet.



NELLY WINTHROP was a bright, clever little girl, who wanted very much to go to school, but her mother was too poor to give her decent clothes.

One bright fall day, when the chestnuts were just beginning to open, Nelly went to a little country store and saw some bright new calicoes spread out on the counter. One of them was blue and brown, and Nelly thought she had never seen anything so pretty.

"If I had a frock like that, I could go to school and learn to read. I should not be ashamed to be seen." And Nelly looked sadly at her shabby dress of brown cotton, with great holes in it, and a ragged fringe where the hem had been.

Just then a big boy came into the store with a bag on his shoulder, and went up to the counter. When he opened the bag Nelly saw heaps of smooth brown chestnuts. The merchant measured them, and paid the boy in several yards of stout cloth for his winter clothes.

"O, I wish I could get some calico!" said Nelly half aloud; and

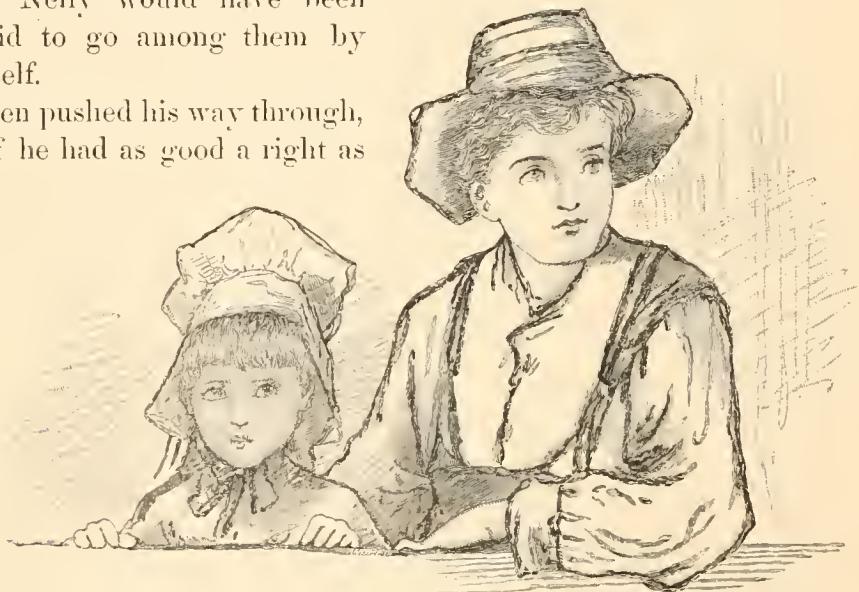
HOW NELLY BOUGHT A NEW DRESS.

the boy stopped and looked at her as he was going out of the store.

"Come with me, and I will show you how to get it," said big Ben; and Nelly timidly followed him.

He led the way across the road and through a wide field into a wood of chestnut-trees. Here were children of all ages, some up the trees throwing down branches, some threshing them out with long poles, while others picked up the nuts to fill their bags and baskets. There was so much quarrelling about the different piles, that Nelly would have been afraid to go among them by herself.

Ben pushed his way through, as if he had as good a right as



any one. He told Nelly to take care of his bundle of cloth while he went up the tree and threw down some burs for her to pick out.

He threw down quite a pile of branches, and then came back and beat the nuts out of their burs, while Nelly put them into his bag. They worked a long time, until Nelly was very tired; then Ben put the bag on his shoulder and told her to come along. They stopped at Ben's home to leave his cloth and get some dinner, for they were both very hungry.

"Now we will go to the store, and you shall choose your calico," said Ben; and Nelly capered about with joy.

BRINDLE AND BESS.

When they reached the store a shy fit seized Nelly, and she could not ask for anything; but Ben asked to see some calico.

Nelly pressed his hand when she saw the blue and brown roll, and whispered, "That's it."

It did not take many yards to make a dress for Nelly, and she had chestnuts enough left to buy some cakes for Ben and herself, as well as for the children at home.

"O mother, look!" she said, quite out of breath with her good news; "Ben got me ever so many chestnuts, and I buyed this frock, and now I can go to school."

Nelly will learn to say bought, instead of buyed, when she goes to school.

Ben told her he would help her to get enough chestnuts to buy some shoes, and Nelly's mother was as much pleased as she was.

ROTHA.

VIRGINIA.

BRINDLE AND BESS.



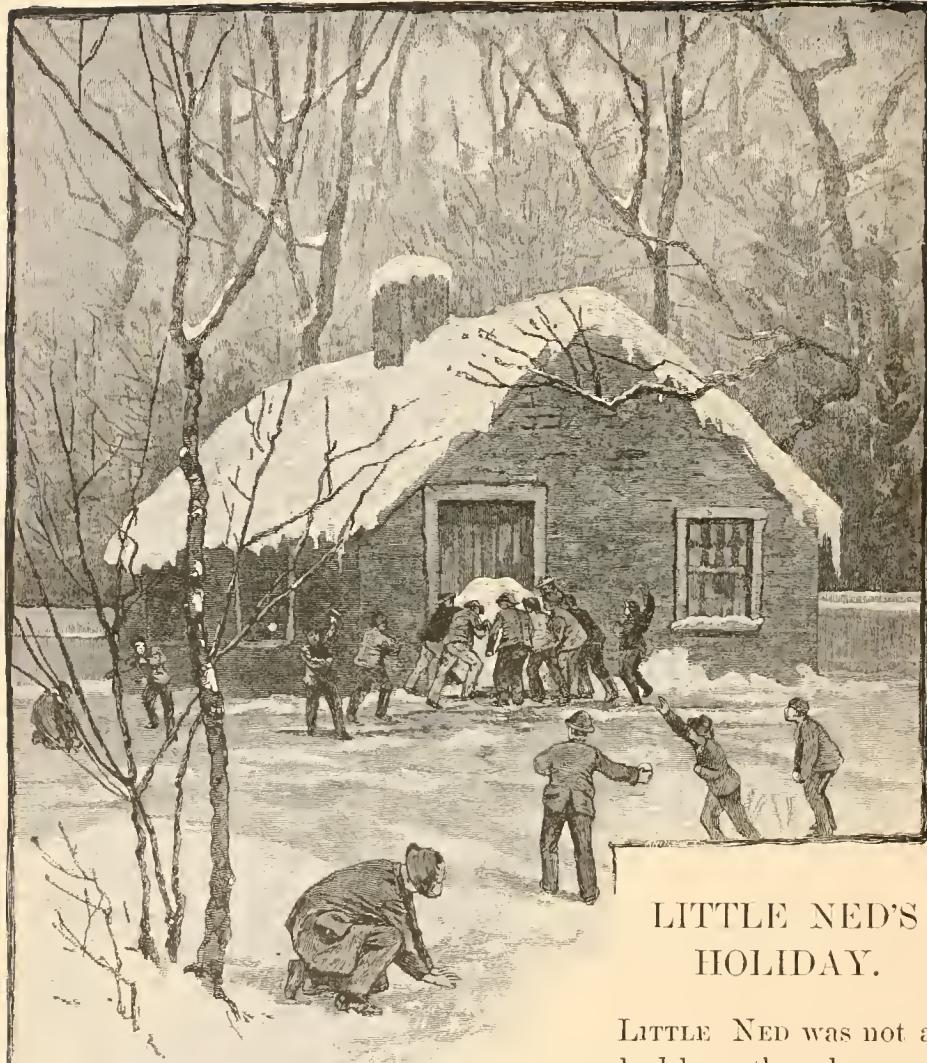
BRINDLE is speckled,
White, black, and red;
Bess has two crooked
Horns on her head.

When the day's over,
When evening's come,
Brindle and Bess
Turn toward home.

They stop by the bars
And switch their tails,
Till the girls bring
Their milking pails.

F. H. STAUFFER.

LITTLE NED'S HOLIDAY.



LITTLE NED'S
HOLIDAY.

LITTLE NED was not a very bad boy, though sometimes inclined to be mischievous. He never used bad words, and I think he never told more than three wrong stories in his life.

He was a country boy, and went to a small red school-house. The teacher's name was Miss Brown, and most of the scholars loved her.



LITTLE NED'S HOLIDAY.

One winter morning, after a great storm, a part of the children went to school. Then the teacher said to them, "So many are absent to-day on account of the deep snow, that I shall dismiss you till to-morrow."

So Miss Brown and the two little girls that had come went home, but nearly all of the boys stayed in the school-yard. Little Ned was among the rest.

"Now, how shall we have some fun?" said one.

"Make a fort!" said a warlike little fellow.

"Build a snow man!" exclaimed a young inventor.

"Let's roll a big ball as round as the earth!" shouted a boy who had just "got into" geography.

And the last they decided to do. The sun had made the snow just fit to be rolled into a ball, and the little fellows went to work.

They rolled and they rolled, until a great portion of the snow around the school-house had been gathered up by the great ball. Then it became very hard work to move it, and the boys rested.

"What shall we do with it now?" asked one.

And then it was that little Ned spoke words that were very, very wrong.

"Let's roll it up against the school-house door," he said, "and when the teacher comes to-morrow she can't get in."

Some of the boys did not want to do this at first; but Ned, who acted as leader, told them there would be no harm in it, and they did it.

It took quite a while to get the great ball upon the one low step in front of the door; but at last it was done. The door was almost hidden from view by the round mass of snow. Then all the boys went home.

The next morning Miss Brown was greatly surprised when she went to the school-house and saw what had been done. How was she to get in and teach school that day?

There was but one scholar with her, and this one she sent to the nearest house to get a man to come with a shovel. The man came, and after a while shovelled the ball away, though it had frozen quite solid on the doorstep.

BE CHEERFUL.

When the boys went to school that morning they expected to hear the teacher scold, but she said nothing. In the afternoon Miss Brown found this note on one of the boys' desks: "I gess she wum't find out who dun it.—NED."

Then the teacher called little Ned to her and said, "Did you help place the large snowball on the doorstep, Edward?"

Little Ned was much scared and replied, "N-n-no, ma'am." (Wrong story No. 1.)

"Do you know any one that helped?"

"N-n-no." (Wrong story No. 2.)

"And you did n't see who did it?"

"No—I was at home." (Wrong story No. 3.)

And these were the three wrong stories that Ned had placed against his name.

But he was found out at last, as all naughty boys will be. He was punished for helping place the great snowball against the door, and for the three wrong stories. And Little Ned stayed in at recess for the rest of the term.

ARTHUR STACY.

BE CHEERFUL.

TRY to be cheerful;
Never be fearful,
Or think that the sky
will fall.

Let the sky tumble,
Fear not the rumble,
It never can hurt you at
all.



MILLY'S RED NAPKIN.

“O, DEAR me! nothing but bread and milk for dinner!”

Milly felt very sad, but couldn’t do anything about it. And she was so very, very hungry that she had to eat a little of it, much as she didn’t want to. But it was only a tiny little bit that she did eat.

“Maybe I can get something better by and by,” she thought. And sure enough, there was Aunt Mary eating grapes!

“O, give me some!” looked Milly. Aunt Mary gave her one.

Milly ate that one, and a good many more. Indeed she helped

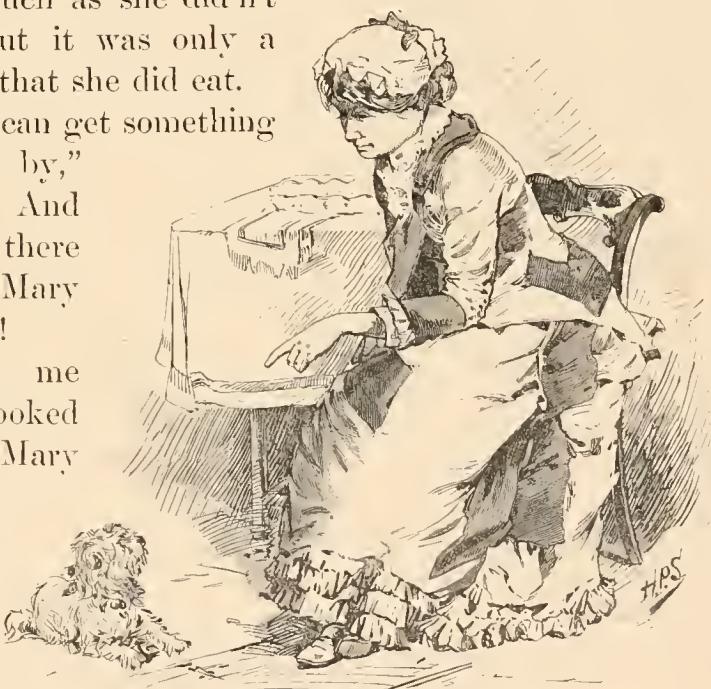
Aunt Mary all the way through the bunch.

“Now use your napkin, Milly, your little red napkin,” said Aunt Mary. And Milly got out her own little red napkin, drew it around her lips twice, then gave it a flourish and put it all in her mouth!

Did you ever hear of such a dreadful thing? But listen while I whisper: Milly was only a very cunning little dog.

What do you suppose her napkin was?

EMILY CAMPBELL.



THE ROBIN'S SONG.



THE ROBIN'S SONG.

A ROBIN sits in the cherry-tree,
"Tur-rum, tur-ri, tur-ro!" says he;
"I have a secret, children dear,
Now listen, all, that you may hear.
Tur-re, tur-ri, tur-ro, tur-rum!
Soon the gentle Spring will come.

"The earth is hard, the bough is bare,
And cold and frosty blows the air,
Tur-rum, tur-ri, tur-re!
There is no flower within the bower,
No leaf upon the tree.
But when the Robin's song you hear,
You know the lovely Spring is near.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

“I’ve just arrived from countries far,
 Tur-rum, tur-ri, tur-re !
And met Spring in her golden car,—
 Spring and her children three.
First came cool March, that breezy boy,
Then baby April, sweet and coy ;
And maiden May, the flower-crowned elf,
Held in the arms of Spring herself.”

The Robin sits in the cherry-tree,
“Tur-rum, tur-ri, tur-ro !” says he ;
He whistles loud, he whistles clear,
To tell the children Spring is near.
“Tur-re, tur-ri, tur-ro, tur-rum !
Soon, yes, soon, the Spring will come.”

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

THE BRIGHT CENT.

DAVID DODGE lived on a farm where there was a great deal of work to be done. He did all he could to help his father and mother.

They kept a large flock of hens and Davy sold the eggs. Every Saturday he went into the village and carried them. His mother packed them in several baskets so that they should not get broken.

People liked to buy eggs of him because he did not sell any but very fresh ones ; so he had as many customers as he could supply.

One Saturday he started off with his load. Mrs. Slater’s house was the first he came to. Mrs. Slater was an excellent old lady, and never asked Davy to wait till another week for his pay.

And besides paying him promptly she would sometimes give him a piece of cake or pie. Once she gave him a large orange ; so he was always glad to go to Mrs. Slater’s. This time when he went to

THE BRIGHT CENT.

her house she wanted to buy four dozen eggs. She had some visitors and had to make a good many puddings.

When she paid him for them she took the money out of a coarse cloth bag. Davy had seen her take money out of a big pocket-book, and out of an old purse with a steel clasp, but he had never seen the cloth bag before. When she was counting the money into his hand she said, "There's one bright cent for you."



Davy saw that the cent she spoke of was bright, and did not look like the other cents, but he did not say anything about it.

Mrs. Slater tied up the bag and put it away. Then she gave Davy a little cake, spiced with seeds, which was very nice.

After this he drove on to the other places and sold his eggs. At last he had only one dozen left, and these were for Mrs. Wilkins. When he got to her house she wanted him to change a bill for her. She wanted some small pieces of money. So Davy gave her the small pieces and took her bill. The bright cent was among the pieces he gave her.

THE BRIGHT CENT.

When Mrs. Wilkins saw that she said, "Why, what is this? it is not a cent! This is a five-dollar gold piece."



Davy had never seen any gold money in all his life, and he looked at it with surprise. Then he told her how Mrs. Slater had given it to him for a cent.

"The poor old lady has lost her eyesight," said Mrs. Wilkins. "She did not know what she was doing."

"I shall carry it back to her when I go home," said Davy. "Won't she laugh when I tell her what a big blunder she has made?"

When he got back to Mrs. Slater's house he carried the gold piece in to her.

He told her that she had given it to him for a cent.

"O, bless me! bless me!" exclaimed the old lady. "Yes, I did have some gold in that bag. Well, I shall have to get a new pair of glasses after this."

She was much pleased that Davy had brought it back so soon, and laughed heartily over her mistake.

Davy went home that night with a funny story to tell, and he and Mrs. Slater had many a laugh together about "that bright cent."

M. E. N. H.



THE GENEROUS BOY.



THE GENEROUS BOY.

THOUGH barefoot on a snowy day,
Yet, seated there beside the way,
This gen'rous boy his food would share
With the robins pecking there.
Not what we *give*, but what we *share*,
Yields us pleasure everywhere.

J. S. L.

HASTE IS WASTE.

Give him a dime and see him work :
Pat is not a bit of a shirk ;
In goes his shovel with might and main,
Making the snow fly off like rain, —
Here, there, and everywhere, in a trice,
Till your walk grows speedily clean and nice.

Then, cheeks as red as the reddest rose,
Shouldering his shovel, off he goes ;
Merrily whistling on his way,
His boyish heart so happy and gay,
That neither for wind nor frost cares he, —
This little snow-shoveller, Pat Magee.

MARY D. BRINE.

HASTE IS WASTE.

LIVE and learn ;
Do not burn
Your fingers in the fire.
Do not run,
Just for fun,
Your little legs to tire.
Learn to talk,
Learn to walk,
But do not be in haste ;
Stub your toes,
Hurt your nose,
And learn that haste is waste.



A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

MR. MORSE was an artist. He painted pretty pictures on canvas. Sometimes he drew them with a lead-pencil on blocks of wood. Then the engraver cut them out, so that they could be printed in books. They were just like the pictures you see in "Our Little Ones."



One winter Mr. Morse was sick. The doctor told him he had better go to Florida. He went, and stayed there till spring. The weather there is like spring all through the winter.

In March, which is cold and windy in the North, the air is sweet with the perfume of flowers.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Oranges grow in Florida. They are the sweetest in the world. In March the orange-trees blossom. The leaves on these trees are green all winter long.

Mr. Morse was very fond of hunting and fishing. One day he went five miles through the forest to a lake. From the live-oak trees the trailing moss hung down like a lady's veil. As the wind blew through the pines it made a soft, sad music.

When he came to the lake he found a tree which had blown down into the water. It had been there for years. Its leaves and branches were all gone. It was nothing but a long straight stick.

The artist walked out on it and fished all the forenoon. As he started to the shore, he saw a snake asleep on the log.

The snake's bite would kill a man. Mr. Morse feared the snake would bite him. He waited a long time, but the snake did not move.

He stayed on the log three long hours more. Then a negro boy came along in a boat. The boy's name was Paul. The artist told him about the snake. Paul with one blow of his fish-pole killed him.

"Here is a silver quarter for you, Paul," said Mr. Morse.

Paul never had so much money before. As he paddled home he thought what he should do with it. He made up his mind to buy a book.

He had just learned to read a little. He wanted to learn more. The book was better than candy, better than playthings, better than watermelons. He bought the book before night.

Paul's father lived in a log-cabin. He could not read or write. There was not even a Bible in the house. Paul read his book by the blaze of light wood. He had to spell out the words. But the book was a primer, and he could understand the stories in it.

The next morning Mr. Morse went by the log-cabin. He was going to shoot wild turkeys. In front of the cabin Paul sat in a chair reading his book. He was as happy as anybody could be.

The artist took out his pencil and sketch-book. He made a picture of Paul reading his book. He put in the log-cabin, and the flowers Paul's mother had planted. Mr. Morse called his picture "A study in black and white."

MARY BLOOM.

TAKING TEA.



TAKING TEA.

DORA and Dolly taking tea,
Just as happy as they can be.
When Dolly goes to take a sup,
Be careful she don't drop her cup.
Because between the cup and lip
There is often many a slip.

J. S. L.

THE 'LASSES STEW.



THE 'LASSES STEW.

O, JESSY gave a candy pull,
And Lil and Kitty came to share ;
Three bonnie flirts with ruffled skirts,
And flying curls of yellow hair.

They did not know, they could not know,
That candy sticks like gum or glue ;
And to relate their touching fate
Is why I sing the 'lasses stew.

"Here we are met," said Jessy Bell,
"Three busy maids without their mothers ;
With naught to do but watch our stew,
Away from boys and other bothers."

THE 'LASSES STEW.

So, with many a solemn taste,
And "tryings" in a cup of water,
The bubbling mass cooked crisp as glass,
And six small hands were greased with butter.



A minute more, and how they screamed,
With fingers burned, and none to bind 'em,
They flew about, indoors and out,
And left a sticky trail behind 'em.

But well they worked to cool it down,
And pulled it to its utmost tether,
Till — who can tell how it befell? —
They found themselves all stuck together.

THE 'LASSES STEW.

Their curls and skirts and bows entwining,—
Each little face supremely silly!
To free poor Jess, she must undress,
And Kitty who can part from Lilly?

Ah! now they know, they sadly know,
That candy sticks like gum or glue;
T'was thus they fared, so badly snared,—
They'll ne'er forget that 'lasses stew.

SHERWOOD BONNER.



A RIDE ON PRINCE.

ONE day, as Don went to play, Sam Hurd rode out of the yard on horseback.

“O Sam!” cried Don, “where do you mean to go?”

“To the blacksmith's,” said Sam; “Prince needs to be shod.”

“Do take me, Sam,” said Don; “you can hold me on in front!”

“Well, get up here on the block, so that I can reach you.”

Up went Don with a jump; Sam's strong arm held him, and off they rode.

As they went up the hillside Don saw some sheep in the lot near the road.

Just for fun, Sam cried, “Baa!” so like a sheep that it made Don jump to hear a bleat close by his ear.

The sheep in the lot heard, and one of them cried back, “Baa!”

“Baa, baa!” said Sam, once more.

Now the sheep felt sure that there was one of their mates in the road. Out they came from the brush, one by one, and soon a score of them ran on by the fence.

A RIDE ON PRINCE.

Each one cried, "Baa!" as loud as he could; and this made Don laugh so that he could but just keep his seat.

"There!" said he, at last, "they have come to the end of their lot, but they can't find the sheep that said 'Baa!' to them."

"Why, Donnie Grey, you make me feel quite sheep-ish!" said Sam.

Down the hill they went, and on by the brook. It was a mile



and a half to the blacksmith's. Don was glad it was so far. He liked to ride on Prince.

Don liked to see Prince shod, too. Prince stood still, like a good horse, as he was.

When the blacksmith had done his job, Sam and Don had a fine ride home.

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

JEALOUS RABBITS.



JEALOUS RABBITS.

THESE two old rabbits seem to frown
As from the cage they're looking down
At little John, who's taken up,
And seems to love, the little pup.
A jealous spirit, you will find,
Will make a discontented mind.

J. S. L.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

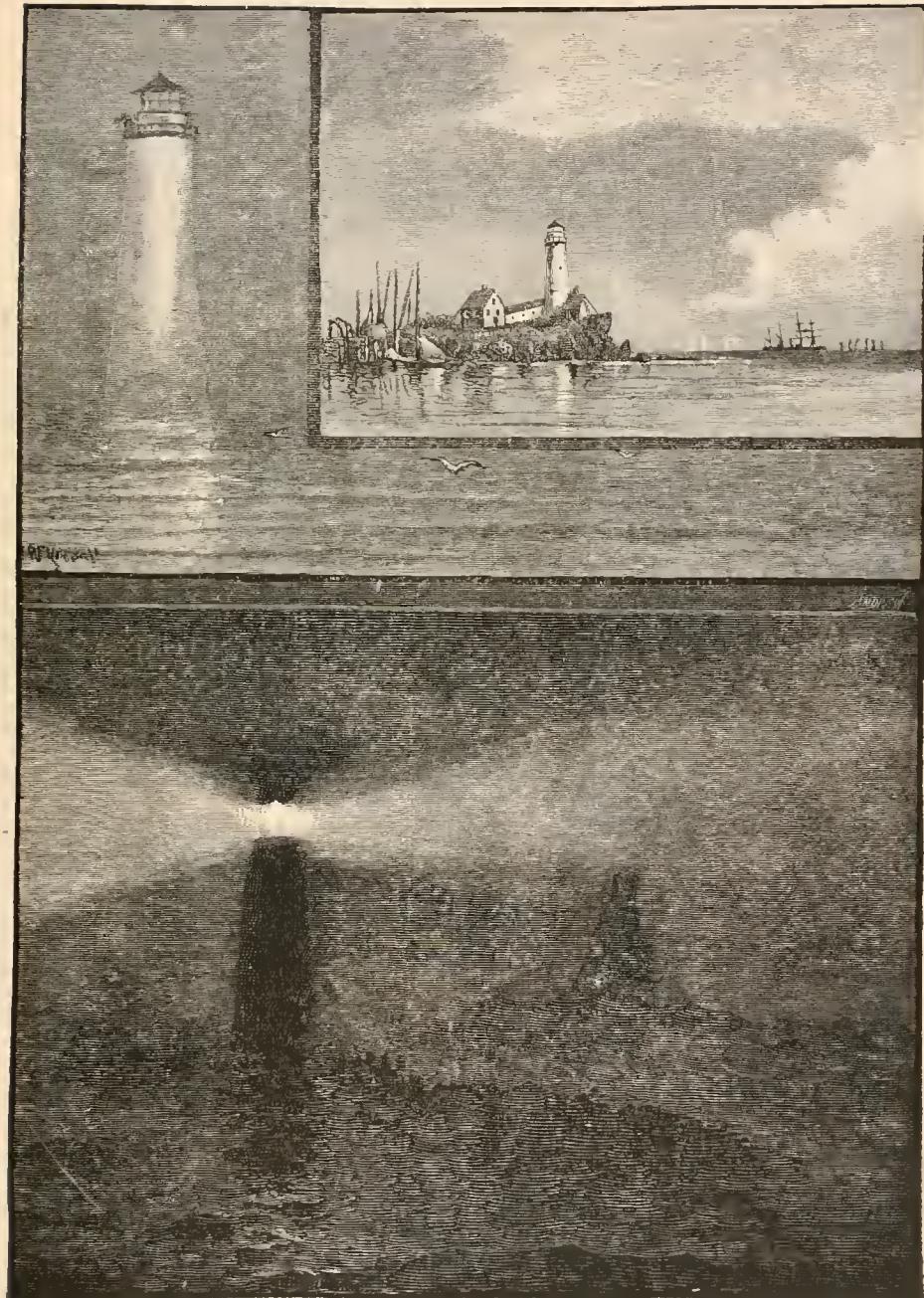
WHERE the solemn waves the whole day long
Seem saying, “Never! Never!”
As they creep to the feet of the hollow cliffs,
Fall back, roll in, forever,
There stands a light-house, white and tall,
That like the house in parable
Stands “on a rock,” and braves the shock
When tempests beat and torrents fall.
Ghost-like at early dawn it looms
Above the gray cold ocean;
And, dull and chill, stands gloomy still
When wakes all else to motion.
But when the evening shadows sink,
And all the lonesome stony coast
Is lost to sight, while through the night
Drives in the storm-clouds black as ink,
’T is then that from that silent pile
Darts far a ruddy dawning,
Lighting the gloom, where the breakers boom,
In priceless, ceaseless warning!

F. H. COSTELLOW.

MAINE.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.



AUNT LOUISA'S PUDDING.

"One — two — three — four — five! O, what beauties! Which biddy do you think laid 'em? I'm almost certain sure it was dear old Fluffy. Bless her heart! isn't she just the darlingest — "

"Whew! Mill. You quite take my breath away. But have a care! Those eggs are not cobble-stones."

The warning came too late. Crash! went the eggs gathered in in Nellie's white apron. She had, without thinking, leaned against the barrel that held the nest, in her effort to discover additions to her store.

"O Lenny! Do you think Aunt Sice will scold awful?" exclaimed Milly, looking ruefully down at her apron. The yellow fluid was already oozing through the pretty barred muslin.

"I dare say you'll catch it," Lenny replied. There was not a spark of sympathy in his tones; yet Lenny was not a bad boy.



AUNT LOUISA'S PUDDING.

Milly did not quite understand what her cousin meant when he said she would catch it, but she felt that it was something to be dreaded. Two great round tears gathered in her eyes.

"I wish—papa would come and fetch me home," she cried. "Who would ever think the nasty eggs could smash so easy? O dear! what shall I do?"

Just then the pleasant voice of Aunt Louisa was heard at the kitchen door calling, "Come, dears, be quick! I'm waiting for the eggs. The pudding will be spoilt if you don't make haste."

"And I do so love Aunt Sice's puddings!" cried little Milly. Choking back a sob, she answered, "I can't come, Aunt Sice! I'm awful!"

She had dropped her apron, and its sticky contents were streaming down to her very toes. The soft laugh that greeted her as Aunt Louisa discovered the woful plight she was in at once reassured her and put her at her ease.

"Am I not a funny pudding, Aunt Sice? I hope you won't get frightened and give me to the beggar-man, like Mrs. Tom Thumb did, you know!"

"Run, Lenny," her aunt cried playfully, "and see if there happens to be a beggar passing!"

Then she caught Milly up in her big calico apron and ran with her to the house. There she was soon made as clean and sweet as ever. Lenny found a new nest of eggs, and Aunt Louisa's pudding turned out a famous one.

M. J. TAYLOR.





TABLE MANNERS.

EVERYBODY said that Fred was a bad boy at table. He spilt the salt, he upset his mug of milk, and he knocked over his glass of water. He found fault with whatever was set before him: the bread was too old, the soup too hot, the milk too rich. In fact, he never came to the table without grumbling about something, and making everybody uncomfortable. He clattered his knife and fork, and made faces. He talked loudly and acted so much like a little clown, that it made his father and mother very miserable. They often had to send him away, or punish him. At the same time he talked a great deal about what he would do when he was a man. He used to put on his father's hat and take his cane and strut about, just to see how it would seem to be a real man.

“I hope you won’t spill your soup over your jacket when you’re a real man,” said his little sister.

“Men don’t wear jackets,” Fred answered. “That’s all girls know about it.”

One day, when his father was late to tea, Fred slipped into his place, and began to ask the other children what they would have, in a big voice.

Presently his father came in and took Fred’s seat; but he was hardly seated before he astonished Fred by pushing his plate away and snarling out that he didn’t want any of that stuff. Then he twisted in his chair, and overturned a dish in his neighbor’s lap.

TABLE MANNERS.

He cried out that he wanted to be helped to a big piece of cake. "Give me some marmalade, I tell you!" he roared; "I will have some; I won't eat my supper if I don't have it." And he began to eat with his mouth open.

"Dipped toast," he cried, "I hate it." And he made such a horrible face that it almost caused Fred's hair to stand on end.

"He's acting just the way you do, Fred," said one of the children.

From that time Fred began to mend his table manners. He now behaves like a gentleman. He does not roar for what he wants. He does not make a mess on the table-cloth. He does not slop his milk about. He does not get spots on his clothes, or tip over backwards in his chair. You would never know but he was already a grown man.



MARY N. PRESCOTT.



PUSSY'S STEP-CHILDREN.



NE day in spring two boys, named Walter and James, found a nest of young gray squirrels in the woods. The nest was in the hollow of an old tree. There were three young ones in it. They were very small, and had not yet opened their eyes. They made a complaining noise, as if they had lost their mother and were hungry.

The boys feared the poor little creatures would starve if they should leave them, and they thought they would take them home and try to feed them. So they carried them as carefully as they could, and got them safely home.

But when the boys' father saw the squirrels, he said he was sorry they had not been left in the woods, as there was no way to feed them and make them live.

"I do not know what you will do," he said, "unless you can get Pussy to take care of them for you. I'm afraid she will not consent to do it; but you can try, as there is nothing better that can be done with them now."

So Walter and James carried the squirrels into the chamber of the wood-house, and put them into Pussy's bed with her kitten. The kitten was gray like the squirrels, but it was larger than they were. Pussy was out of doors just then, hunting something for her supper.

When she came back, she seemed rather startled to find four babies in her bed where she had left only one. But she soon appeared to be quite pleased, and nursed them all. She treated the squirrels exactly as she did her own kitten.

The boys were delighted, and thought Pussy was the best cat in the whole world. And everybody that heard about the affair praised her very much for her motherly conduct.

One of the squirrels was feeble, and died in a few days. But the two others grew fast, and seemed very comfortable in their new home.

PUSSY'S STEP-CHILDREN.

When they grew old enough to play they were so lively and active that they often surprised Pussy. She would look at them as if she did not know how they could have such queer ways.

Sometimes one of them would run up on the top of her head, and sit there while he ate a nut or a piece of apple.

The boys named them Dick and Prim. They had a large cage made for these pets with a wheel on one side, which they soon learned to turn very fast.

One day a man came to the house who wished to buy one of them. The boys felt sorry to part with either of them, but let him have one.

It was not safe to have two squirrels playing in a wheel at the same time. There was danger that one might get hurt, if not killed.

So they let Prim go for two dollars.

They chose to keep Dick, because he was larger than his mate.

And he is still larger now, and does many curious things.

He has a little chamber in his cage where he sleeps at night, and he is as careful about airing his bed as any housekeeper could be. The bed is made of moss, and early every morning, as soon as he is up, he brings the whole of it down. Then he will spread it out in front of the cage and shake it well over. About the middle of the forenoon he will carry it all back again.

It is very amusing to see him do so every day.

He is fond of all kinds of nuts, and when he has more than he wants to eat at once he takes them into his chamber. Then, when he is hungry, he will bring them down and eat them.

When he is out of his cage he will sometimes get into the work-basket, or somebody's pocket, and go to sleep.

One day the boys' father put on his coat to go to the village. The coat had been hanging on a chair for a short time. After he had started he put his hand into the pocket, and there was Dick fast asleep.

So he had to carry him back and leave him. Pussy is always friendly with him, but other cats would catch him if they could. So Walter and James have to take good care of him. But they are willing to do this because they are so glad to have him.

IT WON'T BITE.



IT WON'T BITE.

FIE, fie! little maid;	But dark on the wall;
Do not be afraid!	The light can't shine through
Come! go up with me	The bronze horse or you.
And touch it. There, see!	A shame on such fright!
'T is nothing at all	A shadow can't bite.

JENNY JOY.

“SHE ALWAYS SMILES.”

“SHE ALWAYS SMILES.”

HE was only a crossing sweeper,
Small and pale and thin;
In London streets he earned his bread,
Alone, in the roar and din.

She was a true little lady,
So sweet and bright and fair,
In dainty garments always clad,
With wonderful golden hair.

He had neither father nor mother,
Alone in the world was he,
While she was the petted darling
Of parents and brothers three.

She never forgot his penny,
Whenever she passed that way,
And she always smiled so sweetly
That he watched for her day by day.

“My little lady,” he called her,
As she came like a beam of light,
And he’d stand at the crowded corner
And watch her out of sight.

The worn, pinched face lit up,
For “She always smiles,” he would say,
And there were none to smile on him
Since his mother “went away.”

He could not forget that smile,
It haunted him day and night,
And the dull bare attic he slept in
Was filled with its sunny light.

“SHE ALWAYS SMILES.”

The crossing he swept and cared for
(In a wide and busy street,
In the thick of the traffic), was dang’rous,
And crossed by many feet.

One day he saw her coming,
Pointing eagerly, talking fast
(She forgot neither penny nor smile,
But gave him both as she passed).

“Oh, nurse !” he heard her cry quickly,
“ I can see mother still over there;
I’ll just run on, and catch her up !”
And the nurse didn’t seem to care,

Till a pair of carriage-horses
Drove quickly down on the child.
She screamed—stood still ! but the boy
Reached her side, with a leap so wild.

He seized her and pushed her back,
And then, oh ! he slipped and fell,
And the sight when the carriage had passed
Is too full of pain to tell.

The sad little life was over,
The small form crushed and still ;
Kind hands bore him gently away,
While sorrow their hearts did fill.

When the doctors came to see him
He opened his eyes so wide :
“She always smiles,” he softly said,
Closed them again, and died.

K. L. N.

